

Monumentum Regale:

O R

A T O M B E.

Erected for that incomparable and
Glorious Monarch,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

King of Great Britane, France
and Ireland, &c.



In select *Elegies, Epitaphs, and Poems.*

Printed in the Year 1649.

CASE
ES. C 37359

E P I T A P H.

B*Ehold the Mirror of a Prince Pourtraid !
The living Emblem of glorious shade.
Whose Chair of State was late a Scaffold made.*

*One, then whom never any did professe
More Zeal to th' Publique, and received lesse ;
Of more desert, and brought to more distressé.*

*That recall lustre to our Royall Garter ;
That late inlarger of our Cities Charter ; (Martyr !
Whose Crowne the Crime that made this Monarch-*

*Adieu Dear Prince ; Death like a loving friend
Hath Crown'd thy sufferings with a peacefull end,
While headlesse we our ruine must attend.*

*Nor can we lesse expect, Judgment's at hand
To scourge the follies of a sinfull Land :
"What Brightman wrote we would not understand.*

*"From th' fatall period of a Charlemaine,
"Wain should a Kingdom in her Charles-wain :
"But Prayers nor tears might call him back againe.*

*"Lords should resign their Patents to the Sword,
"Lurdane should equall any English Lord.
O brave Platonick Levell ! Martiall Boord !*

CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis,
 tricesimo die Ianuarii, secunda
 hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.*
MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
 CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe
 SeCVre.

CHARLES —ah forbear, forbear! lest
 Mortals prize
 His name too dearly; and Idolatrize.
 His Name! Our Losse! Thrice curs'd and forlorn
 Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread-Sovereign! —hold!
 left Out-Law'd Sense
 Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
 With those Celestiall Powers; and distrust
 Heav'n can Behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murther'd!
 —Tremble! and
 View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land,
 Court, City, Country, nay three Kindomes run
 To their last stage, and Set with Him their Sun.

CHARLES

CHARLES our Dread-Sovereign's murther'd at
His Gate!

Fell Feinds ! dire Hydra's of a Stiff-neck't-State !
Strange Body-Politick ! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their H E A D.

CHARLES of Great Britain ! He ! who was the
known

King of three Realmes, lie's murther'd in His Own.
Hee ! Hee ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trumpe shall Eccho all
The Rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're Pattern'd ; and 'twas
strange

Earth's Center reel'd not as this dismall Change.

The Blow struck Britaine blind, each well-set Limbe
By Dislocation was lop't off in H I M.
And though She yet live's, She live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black. Sad **LOYALTY**
Blushe's and Mourn's to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassimates ; nay both
'Gainst **GOD**, 'gainst **LAW**, **ALLEGIANCE**, and
their **OATH**.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! thy fatall Glory
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.



A N

E L E G I E

{ *The Meekest of Men,*On { *The most glorious of Princes,*{ *The most Constant of Martyrs,*

CHARLES the I. &c.

Most cruell Men,

CAn you a winged souls swift flight restrain,
 And lure her to her widowed home again?
 Or bound the wanderings of the floating blood?
 And to his purple channell charm his flood?
 Can you a gasping hearts faln heat repair,
 And into breath coyne the unfashion'd ayre?
 Can you unweave the Nerves, then twist their thred,
 And to th'unravell'd corps resit the head?

Who can doe lesse then this, should feare to kill:
 Best pulling down is by a builder still.

But coole debates you can embrace no more
 Then *Cæsars* Lion, who his Teacher tore.

From meaner gore, and Subjects courser flood,
 Your curious Treason thirsts, your Princes blood:
 And flesht in under slaughter, boldly brings
 Rais'd appetite to diet on your Kings.

No Epicure like thriving Murder's found;
 Her Stream tastes foul, unless her Spring be crown'd.
 But though who Thrones and Majesty betray,
 As largest guilt, so reap the largest prey,
 And sage projecting Hell her snares might fear,
 But that she bids, high pay, and damnes some dear:
 Yet few have levell'd at a Princes fall,
 But such whose claim did for succession call:
 Whose bordering title tyr'd to be kept down,
 Cast trains lesse for his ruine, then his Crown.
 But here the desperate Rebell strikes at sway,
 Not for who shall succeed, but that none may;
 Deeming the crime lesse daring, of lesse height
 To ravish Scepters, then to break them quite:
 As if an ampler beam of pow'r were hurl'd
 To hatch a Chaos, then create a world.

No shie concealment leads this murder in;
 That were too much the Modesty of sin,

No closer-ambush, unsuspected pill,
 No mingled cup, no secret drug must kill,
 Successe hath rais'd them up to opner crimes,
Rolfe was an Instrument for doubtfull times.

A mock Tribunal's built, a pageant Court, (sport,
 Which but for matchlesse crimes, might passe for
 So frail and lawlesse, Faith hath no defence
 To credit, 'tis at all but insolence.

No fond *Romance*, no fam'd *Arcadia* treats,
 Of such Eutopian, frantick Judgment Seats:
 At whose dire black decrees, we wondering stand,
 As some pale Ghosts dim taper, and cold hand
 Did waft us through the shades, untill he brings

Where Fairie Traytors murder aery Kings :
While slumbring we invoke the mornings light ;
To chase the Legend-vision from our sight.

High in this dream, in this phantastick Bench,
Bold apparition *Bradshaw* doth intrench.
One whom the genuine Bar did seldome see, (Fee.
Whose obscure tongue scarce boasts a seven years
Whose Lungs are all his Law, whose pleading noise
And silence, dearer then discreeter voice.
Whose conscience wears a face for every dresse ;
Religion justifies the Savages.

Faction'd, and byas'd, for who gives most fair,
Camelion through onely not hir'd with Aire.
Whose insolence no presence can relaxe, (Axe.
Whose carriage wounds his *King* worse then the

This needy Oratour, now richer drest,
And higher plac'd, is Image still at best :
Who thought from hell, he his glib dictates hold,
As Satan talk't i'th' Idols-tongues of old ;
Yet the close drift of this bright pompe and shrine,
Is nor the Devill, nor He, but worse design.

The Ephesian work-men great *Diana* made,
Not for *Diana's* sake, but their owne trade.
Our Soveraignes sighs, the Peoples louder groan
Is not black Incence burnt to *Bell* alone ;
But strow their Altars round, and we shall meet
An undistinguisht rapines numerous feet.

The Bloudy *Rebells* conscious of their slaine,
Like the first murderer, the guilty *Cain*.
Though just Remorte looks nobler then offence,
Prefer continuance to penitence.

Weigh

Weigh crimes 'gainst mercies, down the Balance
bear,

Much with their sins, but most with their despaire.
Their own pale fears arm to this desperate thrust,
Their *King* can pardon, but they cannot trust.

The haughry Tygers dare the Lyons spight,
And force bold inrodes through their Sovereigns
But if retireing from inroaching pride, (right;
They make their proper confines bound their tide :
A faithfull truce is struck, peace shuts in warres,
And fresh assurance springs ev'n from their jarres ;
One equall desert throuds their pastime still,
And each intrust their slumbers to one hill.

But jealous guilt, nor fence, nor safety hath :
A *Rebell* is a Tiger without faith.

But though stung conscience presse to be secure,
And would be weary when she can't be sure ;
Yet oft she most encounters what she flies,
And all her ruine in her Refuge lies.

For had their Foes conspir'd, and fram'd a pit.
Whose train, whose deepest artifice should hit :
They none so speeding, none so fleet could bring,
As what themselves have shap'd, their slaughter'd

By this, they naked lie to weakest eyes, (King.
And quit their ablest guard, their long disguise ;
Whose strength like mens in ambush, still hath been
Not frō their strength, but cause their strength's un-
Whō shal they combat now in's own defence, (seen.

And whom bring home onely by driving hence ?
Whom shall they disobey to serve his will ?
Whom shall their Canon court, and humbly kill ?
Whose omnipresence space shall reconcile ;

Be

Be here, and yet be hence a hundred mile ?
 Whose doubtfull seal shall, while it is betwain,
 And burnt from phenix cinders bud again ?

They, whose thick vowes, exalted hearts and eyes,
 High as the skies, and stable as the skies ;
 Who know their lives are frail, short recompence,
 And cheap oblation weigh'd with Conscience :
 Will now no longer gorge their venomous pils,
 Nor by elusions steer enlightned wils ;
 Nor prize the shame of finding former sin
 At the sad rate of wading farther in.

But haste returns as vigorous as mistake,
 And hate the gastly dreame the more they wake :
 No longer brook a *Tyler* or a *Cade*, (made
 Those *Dung-hill Tyrants* whom themselves have
 Which like dire comets mounted in the aire,
 Rain plagues on earth, whose vapours plac't thē there.

They find this hot impatience 'gainst the throne,
 Is by its embers but to light their owne.
 Like hirn, who rais'd his Gods adored head,
 To make his own blasphemie it in the stead.

Hence their Agreement, chains and shackles throws
 As not what we Agree, but they impose ;
 Gilding the peircing'st flames with specious smoak,
 Glossing in our consent, which is their y oak.

Where their dark arts soft as their glistering shews,
 Did their throng'd chapplets scatter nought but Rose:
 Did they a Freedome give, as ours before,
 Which the *Kings* slaughter were but to restore,
 Yet the Acceptance ought to prove ours still,
 And none obtrude a blisse against our will :

'Tis not a liberty we needs must have,
And he is onely free, who may be slave.

Nay, were't our keen request, and eager cry,
It might so fall, 'twere nobler to deny ;
Their bounty, us might to our ruine arme,
And better not bestow, then give to harme :
Who weapons one, who seekes himself to kill,
Bestowes a murder, and a Liberall Ill.

And such is theirs, and worse, for they afford
Not onely meanes to kill, but prompt the Sword.
Mens phrensie bated now, and could endure
To hear of physick, though 'twere farre from cure ;
When cruell they break in, and crying, save,
Intombe the *Nation* in their *Soveraignes* grave.

The Heathen *Brutus* did at murder stay,
Who, though he durst eject, he durst not slay :
His bare deposing too, no shelter brings,
But that it fastned on the worst of *Kings* :
The Publick curse had blasted all his praise,
Had his attempt been up ere *Tarquins* dayes.

Where shall they build their plea, who at once doe
Destroy the best of *Men*, and *Princes* too ?
Whose rooted Thrones fair growth did lesse improve
From clear unenvied claime, then Subjects love,
Whose boundless worth, & rate had given Him sway,
Though His descent and title were away.

And now, since virtue vice doth best describe,
As straight shews straightnesse and obliquity ;
His prudent sway, her beauty best affords,
Drawn out, and shadowed by *usurping Lords*.
Whose early first decree so loath'd hath stood,

By

By framers guilt, and injur'd *Straffords* Blood.
 Who suppl'd Laws, and gag'd them to their wills,
 Not to support their Rights, but strengthen Ills.
 No resolves steady, no vote tumult strong,
 But ratified, or cancell'd by th' next throng :
 Such floating levities their coin disgrac't,
 Till cheap irreverence the mint defac't.
 Whence poorly conscious of their ticklish sway,
 They sweat to husband and improve their day ;
 Working to steer their low designs about,
 Ere the next Faction shall their title out :
 They lease their interest, each suffrage rent,
 As the *two Houses* were their *Tenement* :
 Who chaffers best, buyes mercenary throats,
 Reaps plentious harvest in the next dayes votes :
 They shear the *People*, bear their fleece away,
 Not as their Orphan-wards, but happier prey ;
 Place and preferments passe their market-curse,
 Not to the worthiest men, but strongest purse
 Succeed by families, relations scale,
 Make Patriots not our *choice*, but their *Intail*
 Desert, or hold their stations with the Tide :
Kuine, or *ruined*, as Factions side.
 Nere *acting* right, now *suffering* this alone,
 Their *Usurpation* fell with *CHARLES* His *Throne*.
 Who Antidote to all the ills of these,
 And all their poisons strict Antipodes,
 Who when his crowns soar'd highest, did ev'n then
 Remember still he was a *King* of men,
 Made their advantage to compasse to his own,
 And rankt their freedome equall with his throne.

Ne'r checkt their *Liberty* till 't *license* stood,
 Nor askt their goods, but for their greater good.
 Who i'th' loud prejudice *five Members* sin,
 (Which hung Reforming out, but Ruine in)
 Arm'd with the Guards of unoffended State,
 Like one that would not crush it, but debate:
 Like *Titus* tamely wish'd confederates leave,
 Aske (bate his Empire) and they should receive,
 Which fertile showers of grace so thick exprest,
 They fell too weighty on their narrowed breast:
 And as the clamorous channels shallow wombe
 Would force the bounteous Sea her streames resume,
 And from his bankes doth foul contractions take,
 And for a Crystal-flood repayes a Lake:
 So their unsound receipt his bounty slew,
 Return'd in Poyson, what He shed in Dew.

Nor did a happier arm His gifts dispence,
 Which private threw but vast munificence: (down,
 When hands Himself had rais'd would reach Him
 And nerves His Almes had strengthened, shake His
 The Vultur's Rapine doth at Bounty stand; (Crown.
 Who though she gorge the prey, she spares the hand.
 The Gyant Elephant obeyes for bread;
 And can forgoe his rage where he is fed.

Where shall unthankfull men for place intrude?

Nor *Aire* nor *Desert* shrowds *Ingratitude*.

Yet as the equall Sun ore all doth tend,
 Though some use light onely to see t' offend:
 And both the barren Bramble and the Flow'r
 Partake the juice o'th' undistinguisht showr:
 Because the teeming Clouds descending flood

Designes

Designes the *many* onely, not the *good* :
 So His impartiall bountie Blessings threw,
 Nor did the *Recompence*, but *Gift persue*.

His *Temperance* might an *Anchorite*, rigour tell,
 And make the *Pallace* Standard to the *Cell*.

Not that its *Laws* from the *thin board* proceed,
 Where to abstaine is *Avarice* or *Need*;

Or that the *courtnesse* of the *Cates* might please,
 Like the great *Consull* caught a parching pease,
 But from the strict chastising *Plenties* wings,
 And the severest use of highest things.

His *Table* grasp't the *seas*, the *earth*, the *aire*.

Yet ne're His *surfet* was, nor others *snare*.

His *Bowels* massacred none, nor did inrage,

Till *Subjects* blood the *Princes* wine asswage.

No *Orphans* swam about his riotous cup;

Like his who *kill'd*, but first *dranke Clytus* up.

Unbatter'd *Chastity* his reines and law,

Firme 'gainst the lustre of all threatning thaw,

Which though it want the checks of mean restraint,

Where *charge* chills *sin*, and makes the goatish faint;

Where *Continence* is dread lest *Vice* succeed,

And trembles at the *issue*, not the *deed* :

Nay though't seeme fortify'd with *plea*, and they

Who *sin* with Him, might seeme but to *obey*,

At least the guilt might large allayes indure,

Since few deny where *Scepters* doe allure :

Or stand the vigour of a storme or rape,

Where *He* was *King*, as by descent, so shape :

For *He* their title had to back his *owne*,

Who to the goodly feature give the throne.

Yet

Yet all was fraile to *Him*, and soon suppress't,
 Who set His *Scepter* first ore *His own breast* :
 And that His *Crowns* be in full square combin'd,
 He made *His fourth Dominion* be *His mind*.

Not like that *Romans chaste*, but *timorous care*,
 Where to be *chaste*, was *not to see* the faire :
 Who found His breast not proof against the flames,
 But to escape, did bid remove the Dames.
 But as firme-sighted *Eagles* range the skies,
 And eye the Sun when strongest lustre flies ;
 So His keene manag'd view severely sees,
 Not *frailty to corrupt*, but *Judge the piece*.
 And could it h' dazeling round securely stay,
 To *blesse the Potter*, *not abuse the Clay*.

Wise *Justice*, such as mercy might dispence,
 To spare the *Men*, but punish the offence.
 Not to indanger *Law*, but temper *doome*,
 To kill *despaire*, and yet make none *presume*.

And here to match the births of strictest wills,
 Where *naked virtues* are but *glistening ills*,
 He layes His ballance at the *Temple gates*,
 The *Sanctuary-Shekles* are His weights.
 He quarters all *His* day with constant prayers,
 No businesse shall dispence, no pleasure dares.
 Limnes Copies to *His* Court : doth rein and hold
 By *Constancy* the *carelesse*, *Zeal* the *cold*.
 His *intent* thoughts do their *perplext* decry,
 His *bent* knees, *stiffe*, His *sixt*, the *wandering eye*.
Humble, the *arrogant* ; His *vigorous*, *dead* ;
His awe, *irreverence* ; *affiance*, *dread* :
 Makes all *His* practice dictate this alone,

They

They had *two Kings* t'obey, *Himselfe* had one.

But *Calme* and *Sun-shine*, undistracted ease,
Yield but the *Trophies* of well-order'd peace;
But He was furnisht through, and had a stock,
As for *Fates fawn* and *courtship*, so their *shock*.

And though some cases make the task as great
To manage *temper*, as to master *heat*,
Though a sound prudence may deserve as well,
To *wave assaults*, as courage to *repell*;
Yet, here the generous lustre justly springs,
Lesse from the *Scepter*, then the *Sufferings*.
For as the rage of these tempestuous times
Was *His Misfortune* onely, not *His Crimes*,
(*Lesse Socrates* the *Lightnings* blame must bear,
Because it Lightned when He took the Aire :
Or 'lesse the drought lies still at th' *Christians* gate,
'Cause *Drought and Christians* were *contemporate*)
So His harsh draught had some ingredients mixt,
Which ne'r on Prince or Man till now were fixt.
No *Agonie* so temper'd, no such Cup,
Unlesse when *God* help'd *Man* to drink it up.
Where though the sufferings, rivall none endure,
'Cause one so sound receiv'd so sharp a cure ;
Yet we may safely give *Perfwasion* this,

Those Jewes then these lesse knew they did amisse.
His *first affliction* from rude Tumults came,
From them the *Fuell*, but elsewhere the *flame*.
Their trunk and boughs build the *instructed pile*,
But worse men light and fan the flames the while.

That waves and winds should mix united stocks
To bruise, and threaten Ships with shelves and rocks,
Provokes

Provokes our *wonder* leſſe then moves our *grief*,
 Becauſe they want the ſenſe of our relief.
 Nay, were their *rage*, *deſign*, and *ſhip-wracks*, *ſpleen*,
 Yet there might clear pretence, and plea be ſeen,
 Since our inſeignments they but pay with ſpight,
 And do but check uſurpers of their right :
 For words we to *commerce* and *traffic* melt,
 By them is *inrode* and *invaſion* felt.
 But ſhould this ſea, theſe winds conduct their threats
 To th' awful palace, where great Neptune ſets,
 Should their ſwell'd ſurge make his bent Trident
 grone,

And daſh their foaming billows 'gainſt his Throne :
 Then might *they* pattern *us*, then we might ſee,
 That *winds* and *waves* at leaſt are *wild as we*.
 Nor was our *phrenſie*, *fit*, our *uproars*, *blaſts*,
 Or cloud that *outs not light*, but *overcaſts*;
 But, like that ſaral inauſpicious day,
 When all the leſſe and larger birds of prey
 Conſpir'd to force the *Eagle* from her throne,
 Becauſe her eyes were clearer then their own: (ſcant
 When the vaſt aire ſeem'd to th' throng'd muſter
 And with oppreſſing load the Element pant.
 The injur'd *Eagle* girt in this diſtreſſe,
 When reaſon nothing could, and force could leſſe,
 She arms her active plumes with ſwiſteſt ſpring,
 Darts through their ranks, and ſaves her ſelf by wing.

But *Eagles* they are well when freed from rape,
 And need no *reparation* but th' *eſcape*;
 Re-view the ſun with undiſhonour'd eye,
 And build again their towring neſts as high.

But Princes *scape not*, though they are not *slain*:
They may the *wound*, but cannot flie the *stain*.

Yet hath our mischief father arts, and can
Distresse him both at once, as *King* and *Man*.
Our sharp alarms forbid his shortest stay,
He may advise for *gone*, but not *which way*.

We set His maz'd resolves at gaze, and start,
Else 'twere not to *drive hence*, but *bid Depart*.
Else had our fury lessen'd of its spight,
W'had forc'd Him to a *progresse*, not a *flight*.
But like a pilot huddled up i' th' dark,
Himself surpriz'd, and His unfurnisht bark,
Whom unexpected tempests do constrain,
And from His harbour drive into the main:
No tackle tight, no anchor weather-proof,
But waves invade below, and winds aloof;
Distract and tost, not bound for any road,
Nor can return, nor can hold out abroad.
Such was His mixt distresse; how, what, or where,
Uncertain all, but *dangers certain were*.

By this self-pregnant sin improves to th' full,
Affront at *London*, *Treason* grows at *Hull*:
A bold *repulse* succeeds perplext *abode*,
Despis'd at home, thrives to *refus'd* abroad:
Place tutors Place, on Cities Cities call,
He may not here be *safe*, nor there *at all*.
When loe the spreading mischief not content
To force up breaches in *one* element,
Invades *His Navy*, doth insulting stand
O're the joynt Trophees both of *Sea* and *Land*.

To gild this rapine for the vulgar eyes,
 They chase him through all *His* capacities;
 Shift *lights* and *distances*, untill they see
 Another self in him, which is not He.

Vex *stils*, and *crucibles*, the furnace ply,
 To sit and drain a *Chymick Majesty*.

At last their careful sweats auspicious how'r,
 Drops *Him* apart, *distinguish't from His power*.

But the afflicted quill, whose penance lies
 Through all His thorns, must stories martyr rise;
 What hardy plume dares register His cares?
 When *forraign* close, to sow'r *His* home affairs;
 When *Ireland* charitable fame untels.

Adopts the worst of ven'mous beasts; *Rebels*.

When *Edinburg* out-villain'd *Carthage* hath,
 And *Scotch* more slippery proves then *Punick Faith*;
 When they can *trade* their *King*, and beat a price
 For's blood, to ingrain their crimson Avarice.

Whilst we un-king his Fame, dethrone's rep'ute;
 Word our artillery, and libels shoot.

Shift His restraints, and bound him with new hedge;
 Not for *enlargement*, but *fresh payne* and *pledge*

To now prevail'ing *Gaol*; snare him with Shapes
 Of neerer ills, to prompt him to escapes.

So the close practis'd foulers treacherous gin;
 Already seiz'd of prey, the lost bird in:

Yet hath attendant dogs, whose disciplin'd throat,
 And busie roavings aid their threatening note;
 Till th'feather'd pris'ner scar'd with mixt mishap,
 Unskill'd i'th'guil of the industrious trap,

Struggles and flings with unsuccessfull coyl,
Till motion weaves inevitable toyl.

When varied bondages some beames afford,
To checker *plots*, *dissembling* some accord;
Which though smooth phras'd rough sense doth
still controul

T'un crown his head, or else *un-king* his soul.

When al of *Meniall trust*, whose cares expence
Hearty with long experienc'd confidence,
Pa'd diligent homage to his jectest will,
Must see their desolate ranks, and courses fill
By rough unpraetis'd home-spun Colonies
Of *Russet Courtiers*, and *instructed spies*,
Whose *trecherous* attendance, and flie drift,
Makes all their *service* but *Officious shrift*.

When the pure Altars sacred Ions must flee
His reverend approach, when single He
Must both His *Priest*, and *Congregation* stand,
Or some rash *Koraks* foul unhallowed hand
Corrupt his virgin gums and raise a smoak,
Not to appease His deity, but *choak*.

When the *revolted Cassocks* plum their darts,
With crooked *Sophistry's* perverted arts:
To reason down His faith with studied pow'r,
And drown His soul in that confederate show'r.

To heighten these when some whose nobler name
In his *declining* Banner arms their fame;
Whom yet *ignoble envy* bent awry,
Or *Faint Devotion*, cool'd to indifferencie,
Conspir'd the Churches battery; His weights,

Took

Took ballance from *her cause*, not from *their hates* :
 He pois'd *thin calumny*, by ponderous good ;
 Her sole, and yet *unconquer'd* champion stood.

When warmer onsets like the searching ploughs,
 More fertile wounds on natures yielding brows :
 Were not the *scar*, but *tillage* of his heart,
 Cares thriving husbandry, and fruitfull smart,
 Where what was sown a *Crosse*, sprung upon a *sheaf*,
 And *Virtue*, Harvest, through the *Furrow* grief.
His glorious own Record gave this presage,
 Which next to hallowed writ, and sacred page,
 Shall busie pious wonder, and abide
 To Christian Pilgrimage the *second guide* ;
 Which reconciles (till now) the eternall hate ;
 'Twixt *simple Piety*, and *fraudulent States*.
 Show how all *Michiavel* in *Solomon* lies,
 And cunning makes men *wilely*, but not *wise*.
 Bottomes a stable Throne, whose secure chance
 Shall *steady sit*, or in *her fall* advance.

When gastly Deaths astonishing Arrest
 In all her terrors, and grim wardrobe drest,
 From a green Treaty nipt ere fully blown,
 And soft amusements of a restored throne,
 He meets with chearfull combate, and arm'd breath
A vigorous Resignation, not a Death.

When *his unlimited forgiveness* flies
 High as *his Blood's* shrill voice, and towring cries,
 Not spun in *scanty half-denying Prayers*,
But Legacy obliging to his heirs.

C A R O L I.

Τῷ Μακαρίτῳ Παλιγγενεσίᾳ.

I Come, but come with trembling, lest I prove
 Th' unequal Greet of *Semele* and *Iove*.
 As *She* was too *obscure*, and *He* too *bright*,
 My *Theam's* too heavy, and my *Pen* too *light*.
 And whilst, like *Midas*, I presume to sit
 In wise *Apollo's Chair*, without *HIS* wit,
 Is it not just t' expect, that *He*, who *dares*
 Higher then *Midas*, should wear longer *Ears*?
 May I not fear *Patroclus Fate*, and feel
 The dangerous honour of *Achilles steel*?
 Just like that *busie elf*, whose vent'rous *Pride*
 Found none but *Titan Titan's Coach* could guide;
 Why, *Hee's* not *stand in Verse*. Can I enclose
Him, whom the greatest libertie of *Prose*
 Wants room to hold? And whose *unweildy Name*
 Is big enough to fill the *Trump of fame*?
An individvall species? like the *Sun*,
 At once a *Multitude*, and yet but *One*?
One of such vast Importance, that *He* sell
 The *Festivall* of *Heav'n*, and *England's Hell*?
One, who for eminence was these two things,
 * *The last of Christians, and the first of Kings*?

* De Cetero vetus dictum, Ultimus Romanorum, Primus Hominum.

One so diffusive, that he liv'd to all,
 And One that dy'd the whole world's *Funeral*;
 For *Charles* being thus *dismounted*, and the *Swain*
High-shoo'd Bootes leapt into the *Wain*,
 Is not old *Beldame Nature* truly said
 T'advance her *Heeles*, and stand upon her *Head*?
 Does not the *Judge*, and *Law* too for a need,
 The *Stirrop* hold, whilst *Treason* mounts the *Steed*?
 Is not *Gods Word*, and's *Providence* besides
 Us'd as a *Laquy*, whilst th' *white Devil* rides!
 Sure *all things* thus into *Confusion* hurld
 Make, though an *universe*, yet not a *World*.
 And so our *Sovereign's*, like our *Saviours Passion*,
 Becomes a kind of *Doomsday* to the *Nation*.

If *dead men* did not *walk*, 'twould be admir'd
 (The *Breath* of all our *Nostrils* thus *expir'd*)
 What 'tis that gives us *motion*. And can I,
 Who want *my self*, write *Him* an *Elegie*?

Though *Virgil* turn'd *Evangelist*, and wrote,
 Not from his *Tripod*, but *G ds Altar* taught;
 Though all the *Poets* of the *Age* should fit
 In *Inquest* of *Invention*, and *club wit*,
 To make *words* *Epigrams*; should they combine
 To *crowd* whole *stock* of *Fancie* in *each line*;
 Sell the *Fee-simple* to advance one *summe*,
 (As *Eglis* spake but *once*, and then liv'd *dumb*)
 'Twere all as *inarticulate*, and *weak*,
 As when those men make *signes*, that cannot *speak*
 But where the *Theme* *confounds* us, * 'tis a *fort*

* Μεγάλης απολαύσειν, αμαρτην εύχυνες. Longin.

Of glorious *Merit*, proudly to fall short.
Despair sometimes gives courage; any one
 May lisp him out, who can be spoke by none;
 None but a *King*; No King, unlesse He be
 As *Wise*, as *Just*, as *Good*, as *Great* as He.

When *Late Posterity* shall run t'advise
 With *Times impartiall Register*, how *wise*
 This *Great-one* was, they'll find it there inroll'd
 That He was ne'r in's *Nonage*, but *born old*.
 View him whilst *Prince of Wales*, and it appears
 His *wisdom* did so antedate his years.
 That He was *Ful i'th' Bud*, and's *Soul* divine,
Nestor, might be *Great Grandfather* to thine.
 View him agen, where he so ripe was grown,
 As not to rise, but drop into a *Throne*.
 How did those *rayes of Majesty*, which were
Scatter'd in other *Kings*, *concenter* here?
 As if h'ad got *King Saviors sphere*, and prov'd
 How each *Intelligence* his *Orbe* had mov'd:
Wise Charles like them, sate steering at two *Helmes*,
King of himself, but *Father* of his *Realms*:
 And just as if old *Trismegistus Cup*
 Had by his thirsty *Soul* been all drunk up.
 His *understanding* did begirt this *All*,
 As t'were *Ecliptick* or *Meridionall*.
 Suppose a *Dyet* of all *Christian Kings*
 And *Bishops* too, conven'd to weigh the things
 Of *Church* and *State*: Nay adde *Inferiour* men,
 Those of the *Sword*. the *pensil*, and the *pen*.

From th'*Scepter* to the *Sheep-hook*, *Charles* in all
Must have been *Umpire Oecumenicall*.
He liv'd a *Perpendicular*; The *Thread*
His *wisedom* was; *Humility* the *Lead*,
By which he measur'd *Men* and *things*; took aim
At actions *crooked*, and at actions *plain*.
He and all from him into *Cubes* did fall,
And yet as perfect as the *Circle*, all.

'Twas he took *Natures Breadth*, and *Depth*, and *Hight*,
Knew the just difference 'twixt *Wrong* and *Right*.
He saw the *points* of things, could justly hit,
What must be done, what *may*, what's *just* what *fit*.
As if, like *Moses* he had had resort
Vnto Gods *Councell*, ere he was of's *Court*,
Hence his Religion was his *choyce*, not *Fate*,
Rul'd by Gods word, not *Interest* of *State*.
Others may thank their *stars*, He his *inquest*,
Who, *sounding* all sides, *anchor'd* in the *best*.
His *Crown* contain'd a *Miter*; He did twist
Moses and *Aaron*, *King* and *Casnist*.

When the *Mahumetan* or *Pope* shall look
Oh his Soul's best *Interpreter*, his *Book*;
His *Book*, his *Life*, his *Death* will henceforth be
The *Church* of *England's* best *Apology*.

Thus *Dove* and *Serpent* kiss'd, as if they meant
To render him as *wise*, so *innocent*.
His own good *Genius* knew nor, whether were
His *Heart* more single, or his *Head* more *clear*.
Virtue was his *Prerogative*; and thus
Charles rul'd the *King*, before the *King* rul'd *Vs*.

He

He knew that to *command*, his onely way
 Was first to teach his Passions to *obey*.
 And his incessant waiting on *God's Throne*
 Gave him such meek *reflections* on his *own*,
 That, being forct to *censure*, he exprest
 A *Judges office* with a *Mothers breast*.
 And when some *sturdy* violence began
 T'unsheath his *sword*, unwilling to be drawn
 He but *destroy'd* (and so soft *mercy* can)
 The *malefactor*, to *preserve* the *Man*.
 Even *bells blind Journy-men*, those *Sons of Night*
 Who look on *scarlet murder*, and think't *white*,
 Unwillingly confess'd, the only thing
 Which made him guilty, was, *That he was King*.
 He was *Incarnate Justice*, and 'tis said
Astræa liv'd in him, yet dy'd a *Maid*.

We want an *Emblem* for him: *Phæbus* must
Stand still in Libra, to speak *Charles the Just*.
 And yet though he were such, that nothing lesse
 Then *Virtue's mean* stretcht to a *just Excesse*
 Flew from his *Soul*; He, like the *sun*, was known
 To see *all excellence*, except his *own*.
 His *Modesty* was such, that All which he
 'Ere spake or thought of's *self*, was *Calumny*;
 But yet so mixt with *state*, that one might see
 It made him not *lesse Kingly*, but *more free*.
 He was not like those *Princes*, who t'expresse
 A *learned surfeit*, a *sublime excesse*,
 Send to *dispeople* all the *Sea of Fish*,
Depopulate the *Aire* to make one *dish*.

(Such

(Such *skilfull luxuries*, as only serve
 To make their *minds* more *plentifully* serve)
 Whatever *Dainties* fill'd his *Board* by chance,
 His only *constant dish* was (a) *Temperance*,
 His *virtue* did so *limit* him, his *Court*
 Implied his *Cloyster*; and his very *sport*
 Was *Self deniall*. Nay, though he were seen
 So *rob'd* in *purple*, and so match't t'a *Queen*,
 As made him glitter like a *Noon-day Sun*,
 Yet still his *Soul* wore *sackcloth*, and liv'd *Nun*.
 (b) *Simcon* the *Stylite* in his *Pillar* pent
 Might live more *strict*, but not more *innocent*.
 So *wise*, so *just*, so *good*, so *great* and all,
 What is't could set him *higher*, but his *fall*?
 When he caught up by a *Celestiall Train*
 Began his *second* and more *solid Raign*.
 How to that *Heaven* did this *Pilot steer*
 Twixt th' *Independent*, and the *Presbyter*;
 Plac'd in the confines of two *Shipwracks*? thus
 the *Greeks* are seat'd twixt the *Turks* and *Us*.
 Whom did *Byzantium* free, *Rome* would condemn;
 And freed from *Rome*, they are enslav'd by *them*.
 So plac'd betwixt a *Precipice* and *Wolf*,
 There the *Ægean*, here the *Venice gulf*,
 What with the *rising* and the *setting Sun*,
 By these th'are *hated*, and by those *undone*.

(a) Evagr. l. i. c. 21. de Monachis quibusdam, ἐχθροὶ τῷ ἰδῶν ἐκ-
 λήσαν, καὶ τὸ φύσει ἐκδοτοὶ, πανδυσίαν ἢ νηστείαν ἔχουσι, καὶ βιάζαν
 διακορίη, τὸ μὲν (οἷον τε) ἀπογυμνέσθαι. (b) Evagr. l. i. c. 13. ὁ σταυ-
 ρὸς ἀγγελὸς ὁ Σιμεὼν, ὁ ἐν σταυρῷ τῷ ἀνωίρευσσάλην Πολίτης.

Thus *virtues* hemm'd with *vices*, and though either
Sollicites her consent, she yields to neither.
Nay thus our *Saviour*, to inhance his grief,
Was hung betwixt a *Murderer* and a *Thief*.

Now *Charles* as *King*, and as a good *King* too,
Being *Christs* adopted self, was both to do
And suffer like him; both to live and die
So much more *humble*, as he was more *high*
Then his own *Subjects*. He was thus to tread
In the same footsteps, and submit his Head
To the same *thorns*, when spit upon, and beat,
To make his *Consciencences* serve for his retreat,
And overcome by suffering : To take up
His *Saviours* *Crosse*, and pledge him in his *Cup*

Since then our *Sovereign*, by just account,
Liv'd o're our *Saviours* *Sermon* in the Mount,
And did all Christian Precepts so reduce,
That's *Life* the *Doctrine* was, his *Death* the *Use*;
Posterity will say, he should have dy'd
No other *Death*, then by being crucifi'd,
And their renownedst *Epocha* will be
Great Charles his *Death*, next *Christs* *Nativity*.
Thus *Treason's* grown most *Orthodox*; who since
They said they'd [*make him the most glorious Prince*
In all the Christian world] 'tis plain, this way
They only promis'd what they meant to pay.
For now (besides that *beatifick Vision*
Where all desire is lost into *fruition*)
The *stones*, they hurled at him with intent
To crush his *fame*, have prov'd his *monument*.

Their

Their *Libels* his best *Obelsike*; To have
 A fit *Mausöle*, were to want a *Grave*;
 His *Scaffold*, like *mount Tabor* will in story
 Become the proudest *Theater of Glory*,
 Next to the *blessed Crosse*: and thus 'tis sense,
 T'affirm him *murder'd* in his own *Defence*.
 For though all *Hells Artillery* and skill
 Combin'd together to *besiege* his *Will*;
 And when their *malice* could not bring't about
 To hurt *God's Image*, they raz'd *Adam's* out,
 (Like men repuls'd, whose *Choler* think's it witty
 To burn the *Suburbs* when they can't the *City*)
 How'ere they *storm'd* his walls, and *drain'd* his blood;
 Which *moted round* his *Soul*; yet still he stood
Defender of the Faith, (and that which He
 Found sweeter then revenge) his *Charity*.

This then the utmost was their rage could do,
 [It shew'd him *King* of his *afflictions* too.]
Untempted Virtue is but coldly good,
 (As she's scarce *chaste* that's so but in *cold blood*)
 To scorn base *Quarter* is the best *escape*,
 (As *Lucrece* dy'd the *chaster* for her *rape*)
 These two did *Charles* his *Vertue* most *befriend*,
 His *glorious hardships* first, and then his *end*.
Death we forgive thee, and thy *Bonrreaux* too,
 Since what did seem thy *rape*, proves but his *due*.
 For how could he be said to fall too soon,
 Whose *green* was *mellow*, and whose *dawn* was *noon*?
 Since *Charles* was onely by thy *curteous knife*
Redeemd from this great *injury* of *life*

To one so lasting, that 'tis truly said
 Not *He*, but his *mortality* is dead —
 To weep his Death's the *treason* of our eyes;
 Our *Sun* did only *set*, that he might *rise*.

But we do *mock*, not *cheat* our grief, and fit
 Onely at best t' *upbraid* our selves in *wit*,
 And want him *learnedly*: such *colours* do
Disguise disasters, not *delude* them too.
 For though, I must confesse, a Poet can
 Fancy things *better* then another man,
 He can *but* fancy 'um; and all his pains
 Is but to fill his *belly* with his *brains*.

He may both *Petrify'd* and tamisht sit,
 That *wears* his *thoughts*, and onely *dine's* on *wit*.
 Were I a *Polypus*, and could go on
 To *be* those very things I *think* upon,
 I would not then complain: but since I know
 To *call* things *thus*, is not to *make* them so,
Great Charles is *slain*: and say we what we will,
 Yet we shall find, *judgements* are *judgements* still.

For though 'tis true, that his *now immense* Son!
 Doth hold commensuration with each *Pole*;
 Though he doth shine a *Star* more *fixt* and bright
 Then where the *year* makes but *one day and night*:
 And, least he fill the *Zodiack*, doth appear
 Not in the *eighth* but *Empyran* Sphere;
 Yet we his *Rise* may our *descent* call,
 As *Libra's* mounting is poor *Aries* fall.
 He was the only *Moses* that could stand

Betwixt the *finnes* and *judgements* of the Land.
 And what can we expect, our *Lot* being gone,
 But that a *Hell* from *Heav'n* should rumble down
 On our more sinfull *Sodom*? (unlesse we
 Are *damn'd* yet worse; to an *impunity*.)
Kings are *Gods* once remov'd. It hence appears
 No *Court* but *Heav'n* can try them by their *Peers*.
 So that for *Charles* the good to have been tride
 And cast by mortal *Votes*, was *Deicide*.
 No *Sinne*, except the first, hath ever past
 So black as this; no *Judgement*, but the last.
 How does our *Delos*, which so lately stood
 Unmov'd, lie floating in her *Pilots* blood?
 And can we hope to *Anchor*, who discern
 Nought but the *Tempest* ruling at the stern;
 Whilst *Pluto's* *Rival*, with his *Saints* by's side,
 Drawn by the *Spirit* of *avarice* and *pride*,
 Being fairly placed in the *Chair* of *scorn*
 Sits *brewing* *Tears* for *Infants* yet *unborn*?
 Vast *stocks* of *miser*y, which his *Guardian*-rage
 Does husband for them till they come to age?

When *future times* shall look what *Plagues* befell
Egypt and *us*, by way of *Parallel*,
 They'l find at once presented to their view
 The *Frogs* and *Lice*, and *Independents* too.
 Onely this *signal* difference will be known
 'Twixt those *Aegyptian* judgments and our own;
 Those were *Gods* *Armies*, but th'effect doth tell
 That these our *Vermin* are the *Host* of *Hell*.
Pausanias and *Herostratus* will look

Like

Like Pygmy-Sinners writ in *Times black-book*;
The *Spanish Fleet*, and *Powder-plot* will lack
Their usuall *mentions* in our *Almanack*.

---Nay, which is more, (c) *Alaricus* his name
Will scarce be legible 'th' leaves of fame,
When *Cromwel* shall be read. *Nature* was ne're
So blessedly reform'd, since *Lucifer*.

O for a *Jeremy* to lament our woe!
From whom such *tragick Rhetorick* might flow,
As would become our misery, and dresse
Our sorrows with a dreaafull gaudinesse!
For next those hovering judgments, which the fall
Of one so great, so good, makes *Verticall*.
(And rushing down, may onely be withstood.
If *Charles* his prayers crie louder then his blood)
I say next that, It is our second Crosse
We can't grieve worthy of so great a Losse.
To weep upon this subject, and weep sense,
Requires we should be born ten Ages hence.
The greater are the heights and Artift's hand
Designs to take, the farther he must stand,
As when *Sol's* in's *Zenith*, He imply's
His dazzling glory best, that shuts his eyes,
So, where the *Theme's* ineffable, the way
To speak it is, (d) Not to know what to say.

(c) Socrat. l. 7. c. 10. hoc Alarichi responsum recitat. ἐκέρω ἡδελοντῆς τὰ
ἐκεῖ πορεύομαι ἀλλὰ τίς καὶ ἐλάττω ὀχλεῖ μοι βασιλῆων, καὶ λήρον
[ἀπιδι, τῆς ῥωμαίων Πορθησον πόλιν.] (d) Herodot. l. 3. Psammeti-
chus ad Cambysem, cum Amicorum vicem lacrymis lugeret, suam verò si-
lentio, τὰ μὲν ὀνεία κατὰ ἦν πίζω, ἢ ὥς ἀνακλαίει ὦς.



A

DEEP GROAN,

F E T C H ' D

At the *Funerall* of that incomparable
and glorious Monarch,
CHARLES THE FIRST,
King of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland, &c.

TO speak our griefs at full over thy Tomb
(Great Soul) we should be Thunder-struck and
The triviall offerings of our bubling eyes (dumb;
Are but fair Libells at such Obsequies.
When Grief bleeds inward, not to sense, 'tis deep;
W^e have lost so much, that 'twere a sin to weep:
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his summes;
When his inevitable ruine comes:
Our losse is finite when we can compute,
But that strike speechlesse, which is past recruit.
W^e are sunk to sense; and on the ruine gaze,
As on a curled Comets fiery blaze:
And earth-quakes fright us, when thee teeming earth
Rends ope her bowells for a fatall birth;
As Inundations seize our trembling eyes;

C

Whose

Whose rowling billowes over Kingdomes rise.
 Alas ! our Ruines are cast up, and sped
 In that black Totall----*Charles* is murthered.
 Rebellious Gyant-hands have broke that Pole,
 On which our Orb did long in glory roule.
 That *Roman Monsters* wish in act we see,
 Three Kingdomes necks have felt the Axe in Thee,
 The Butchery is such, as when by *Caine*,
 The fourth Division of the world was slaine :
 The mangled Church is on the Shambles lay'd,
 Her Massacre is on thy Block display'd,
 Thine is thy peoples epidemick Tombe,
 Thy Sacrifice a num'rous *Hecatombe*.
 The Powder-mine's now fir'd; we were not freed,
 But respited by Traytors thus to bleed.
Novembers plots are brew'd and broach'd in worse,
 And *January* now compleats the Curse.
 Our Lives, Estates, Laws, and Religion, all
 Lie crush'd, and gashing in this dismall fall.
 Accursed day that blottedst out our light !
 May'st thou be ever muffled up in night.
 At thy return may fables hang the skie ;
 And tears, not beams, distill from Heavens Eye.
 Curs'd be that smile that guilds a face on thee,
 The Mother of prodigious Villanie.
 Let not a breath be wofed, but in moans,
 And all our words be but articulate groans.
 May all thy *Rubrick* be this dismall brand; (Land.
 Now comes the miscreant Dooms-day of the
Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd; and such
 As horror brings alike, though not so much,

May

May Dread still fill thy minutes, and we sit
Frighted to think, what others durst commit.

A Fact that copies Angells when they fell,
And justly might create another Hell.

Above the scale of Crimes; Treason sublim'd,
That cannot by a parallell be rim'd.

Raviliac's was but under-graduate sin,
And *Goury* here a Pulpit Assassin.

Insidell wickednesse without the *Pale*;
Yet such as justifies the Canniball

Ryot Apochryphall of *Legend* breed;
Above the Canon of a Jesuities Creed.

Spirits of witch-craft; quintessential guilt;
Hells *Pyramid*; another *Babel* built.

Monstrous in bulk; above our *Fancies* span;
A *Behemoth*; a Crime *Leviathan*.

So desperately damnable, that here
Ev'n *Wild* smells Treason, and will not appear.
That Murdering-peece of the new Tyrant-State,
By whom't hath shot black Destinies of late;
He that belch'd forth the Loyall *Barleigh's* doome,
Recoiles at this so dreadfull Martyrdome.

What depth of terrour lies in that Offence,
That thus can grind a feared Conscience?

Hellish Complotment! which a League renews,
Lesse with the men, then th' actions of the Jews.

Such was their Bedlam Rabble, and the Cry
Of *Justice* now, 'mongst them was, *Crucifie*:

Pilates Consent is *Bradshawes* Sentence here;
The *Iudgement-halls* remov'd to *Westminster*.

Hail to the Reeden Scepter, the Head, and knee

Act o're again that cursed Pageantry.

The ~~Caitiff~~ crew in solemn pomp guard on
Mock'd Majesty as not to th' Block, but Throne,
The Belch agrees of those envenom'd lies,
There a Blasphemer, here a Murd'rer dies ;
If that go first in horror, this comes next,
A pregnant Comment on that gasty Text:
The Heav'ns ne're saw, but in that tragick houre,
Slaughter'd so great an *Innocence, and Power.*

Bloud^{er} & thirsty Tygers! could no stream suffice
T'allay that hell within your breasts but this ?
Must you needs swill in *Cleopatra's* cup,
And drink the price of Kingdoms in a sup ?
Cisterns of Loyalty have deeply bled,
And now y' have damn'd the Royall Fountain Head
Cruell *Phlebotomy!* at once to drain
The *Median*, and the rich *Basilick* vein :
The tinctures great that popular murder brings,
'Tis scarlet deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.

But what could *Israel* find no other way,
To their wish'd *Canaan* then through the red Sea ?
Must God have here his deading Fire and Cloud,
And he be th' guide to this outrageous croud ?
Shall the black *Conclave* counterfeit his hand,
And superscribe their guilt, *divine Command?*
Doth th' ugly Fiend usurp a Saint-like grace ?
And holy-water wash the Devils face ?
Shall *Dagons* Temple the mock'd *Ark* inclose ?
Can *Esau's* hands agree with *Jacob's* voice ?
Must *Molech's* fire now on the Altar burn,
And *Abels* bloud to expiation turn ?

Is righteousnesse so lewd a bawd? and can
The *Bibles* cover serve the *Alcoran*?
Thus when Hel's meant, Religion's bid to shine
As *Faux* his Lantern lights him to his *Mine*.
Here, here is sins *non ultra*, when one lie
Kills this, and stabs at *Majesty*.
And though his sleepey arm suspend the scourge,
Nor doth loud blood in winged vengeance urge,
Though the soft houres a while in pleasures flie,
And conquering treason sing her Lullabie,
The guilt at length in fury he'l inroul
With barbed Arrows on the tray'trous soul.
Time may be when that *Iohn-a-Leydon* King
His Quarters to this Tombe an offering bring,
And that *Be-munster'd* Rabble may have eyes
To read the price of their dear butcheries;
Yet if just providence reprieve the Fate,
The Judgement will be deeper, though't be late.
And after times shall feel the curse enhanc'd,
But how much they've the sin bequeath'd, advanc'd.
Mean time (most blessed shade) the Loyall Eye
Shall pay her tribute to thy memory;
Thy *Aromatick* name shall feast our sense,
'Bove *balmie Spiknards* fragrant redolence,
Whilst on thy loathsome murderers shall dwell
A plague-fore, blain, and rotten ulcers smell.
Wonder of men and goodnesse! stamp'd to be
The Pride, and Flourish of all History.
Thou hast undone the annalls, and engross'd,
All th' *Heroes* glory which the Earth e're lost:
Thy priviledge 'tis onely to commence.

Laureate in offerings, and in patience.

Thy wrongs were 'bove all sweetnesse to digest ;
And yet thy sweetnesse conquer'd the sharp test :

Both so immense, and infinitely vast,
The first could not be reach'd, but by the last.

Mean massacres are but in death begun ;
But Thou hast liv'd an Execution.

Close coffin'd up in a deceased life ;

Had Orphan-Children, and a Widow-Wife.

Friends not t' approach, or comfort, but to mourn
And weep their unheard plaints, as at thy urn ?

Such black attendants Colonied thy Cell,
But for thy presence, *Car'sbrook* had been Hell.

Thus basely to be dungeon'd, would enrage
Great *Bajazet* beyond an Iron Cage.

That deep indignity might have lain
Something the lighter from a *Tamerlain*.

But here *Sidonian* slaves usurp the reins,

And lock the Scepter-bearing Arms in chains.

The spew'd-up surfeit of the glut'nous Land,
Honour'd by scorn, and clean beneath all brand ;

For such a Varlet-brood to tear all down,
And make a common Foot-ball of the Crown ;

T' insult on wounded Majesty, and broach
The bloud of Honour by their vile reproach.

What royall eye but thine could sober see,
Bowing so low, yet bearing up so high ?

What an unbroken sweetnesse grac'd thy Soul,
Beyond the world, proud conquest, or controul ?

Maugre grim cruelty, thou keepst thy hold ;
Thy Thorny Crown was still a Crown of Gold.

Chast

Chast Honour, Might inrag'd could ne're deflour,
Though others th' Use, Thou claim'dst the Right of
Power.

The *brave Athenian* thus (with lopp'd-off Hands)
A stop to swelling sayles by's mouth commands.
New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in thy Embroyles,
Anteus-like, recruiting from the Foyles.

Victorious fury could not terrour bring
Enough to quell a captivated King.

So did that *Roman Miracle* with-stand
Hetrurian shoals, but with a single hand.

The Church in thee had still her Armies; thus
The world once fought with *Athanasius*.

The Gantlet thus upheld; It is decreed,
(No safety else for Treason) *Charles* must bleed.

Traytor and Sovereign now inverted meet;
The wealthy Olive's dragg'd to th' Brambles feet.

The Throne is Metamorphiz'd to the Barre,
And despicable Bats the Eagle dare.

Astonishment! yet still we must admire
Thy courage growing with thy conflicts high'r.

No palsied hands or trembling knees betray
That Cause, on which thy soule sure bottom'd lay.

So free and undisturbed flew thy breath,
Not as condemn'd, but purchasing a death.

Those early Martyrs in their funerall pile,
Embrac'd their flames with such a quiet smile.

Brave *Cœur-de-Lyon* Soul, that wouldst not vaile
In one base syllable to beg thy Bayl!

How didst thou blush to live at such a price,
As as'kd thy people for a sacrifice?

Th' *Althenian Prince* in such a pitch of zeale,
 Redeem'd his distin'd Host, and Common-weale :
 Who brib'd his cheated enemies to kill,
 And both their Conquest, and their Conqueror fell.
 Thus thou our Martyr died'st : but oh ! we stand
 A Ransome for another *Charles* his hand.
 One that will write thy Chronicle in Red,
 And dip his pen in what thy foes have bled,
 Shall Treas'nous Heads in purple Caldrons drench,
 And with such veines the flames of Kingdomes
 quench.

Then thou art least, at *Westminster* shalt be
 Fill'd in the pompous List of Majestie.
 Thy *Mausalaem* shall in glory rise,
 And Tears, and wonder force from Nephewes eyes;
 Til when (though black-mouth'd Miscreants ingrave)
 No Epitaph, but Tyrant, on thy Grave.
 A Vault of Loyalty shall keep thy Name,
 An orient, and bright *Olibian* flame.
 On which, when times succeeding foot shall tread,
 Such Characters as these shall there be read:

Here *CHARLES* the best of Monarchs, butcher'd
 lies,

The glory of all *Martyrologies*.
 Bulwark of Law ; the Churches Cittadell ;
 In whom they triumph'd once, with whom they
 An English *Solomon*, a *Constantine*; (fel;
 Pandect of knowledge, humane and divine
 Meek ev'n to wonder, yet of stoutest Grace,
 To sweeten Majesty, but not debase.
 So whole made up of clemency, the Throne

And

And Mercy-seat to him were alwaies one,
 Inviting Treason with a pardoning look,
 Instead of Gratitude, a stab he took,
 With passion lov'd; that when he murder'd lay,
 Heav'n conquer'd seem'd, and Hel to bear the sway.
 A Prince so richly good, so blest a Reign,
 The world ne're saw but once, nor can again.

-----*Humano genere Natura benigni
 Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato hoc principe major
 In quo vera Dei, vevénsq; eluxit imago:
 Hunc quoniam scelerata cohors violavit, acerbis
 Sacrilego Deus ipse petet de Sanguine pœnas
 Contemtumq; sin Simulacri haud linquet inultum.*
 Parodia ex Buchanani Geneth: Jacobi sexti.

An

AN ELEGIE

*Upon King CHARLES the First,
murthered publikely by His Subjects.*

VEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred
blood,

It might be drown'd in this prodigious flood;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my *soule* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* resting on th'*Originall*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies fall*;
So while my *Faith* floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne're o'reflowes us all: Those showers past
Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies wast;
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land,
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypt's* prodigies;
O're-cast with *darknesse*, and with blood o'rerun,
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th'inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:

No

No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
 Washing their Loyall hearts from blood so shed;
 The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.

Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries;
 For *Beauty* bloudlesse cheeks, and blood-shot eyes.
 All colours foil, but black, all odours have
 Ill sent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:

It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
 The cleaner made, by a religious touch
 Of this *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
 Seems the *Judaicall impiety*.

To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
 His rage with *Law*, the *Temple* and the *Saints*:
 But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
 To be cast out, and back into the *Swine*:

And the case holds, in that the *Spirit* bends
 His malice in this *Act*, against his ends:

For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
 Out of that body, He would still torment:

Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
 Detest the *Act*, yet turn it to their good;

Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
 We easely may the world and death despise:
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
 Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.

And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
 Weapon yet left, to guard Him to His *Throne*;
 In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory;

If this our losse a comfort can admit,

'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit, For

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
 Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse ;
 His *Crown* was false unto too low a thing
 For him, who was become so great a *King* :
 So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
 They had exalted from him, not pull'd down :
 And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,
 Then ere mens falsehood promis'd to restore ;
 Which, since by death alone he could attain,
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain ;
 Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
 Might make his passage quick, ne're move his heart,
 Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
 Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line
 Of humane virtue, pass'd to be divine :
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,
 Then the high glories of his present state ;
 Since both then passe all Acts, but of belief,
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse
 Then Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,
 I'll onely wish, that for his Elegie,
 This our *Iosias*, had a *Jeremie*.



A N
E L E G I E

The best of Men,
On { *And meekest of Martyrs,*
 CHARLES the 1. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Bloud,
Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Flood,
Not shoot through her affrighted wombe, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake,
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of Nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggie and dissheveld Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?

You

You Seed of Marble in the Wombe accurst,
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurs't;
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind Mists was hurl'd
 To strew infection on the tainted World.
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
 Say sons of Tumult, since you thought it good,
 Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in Blood
 Your guilty hands, why did you then not State
 Your slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
 Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
 And lop'd off Thousands of some base allay,
 Whilst the same Sexton that enter'd their clay,
 In the same Urne their names too might entombe,
 But when on Him you fixt your fatall Doom,
 You gave a blow to Nature, since even all
 The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
 Could not Religion with you oft have made
 A specious glosse your black designs to shade,
 Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we
 Are suppl'd into Acts of Clemencie?
 And copie out the Deity agen,
 When we distill our mercies upon men?
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He
 Onely shook off his frail Humanitie,
 And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd then we.

And

And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,
 We only died, He only liv'd that Day.
 So that his Tombe is now his Throne become
 T'invest him with the Crowne of Martyrdome:
 And death the shade of nature did not shroud
 His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
 That who a Star in our Meridian shone
 In Heaven might shine a Constalltion.

Vpon the Death of King CHARLS the First.

Great ! Good ! and Just ! could I but Rate
 My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
 I'de weep the world to such a straine,
 As it should Deluge once againe.
 But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
 More from *Briareus* hands, then *Argus* eyes,
 I'll sing Thy Obsequies, with Trumpet sounds,
 And write thy *Epitaph* with *Bloud* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

AN EPI TAPH.

Within this sacred Vault doth lie
 The Quintessence of MAJESTIE;
 Which being set, more glorious shines,
 The best of KINGS, best of Divines;
Britains shame, and *Britains* glory,
 Mirrour of Princes, complete Story
 Of ROYALTIE; one so exact,
 That th'*Elixirs* of praise detract:
 These are faint shadowes; But t'indure,
 He's drawn to th'life in's *POURTRAICTURE*:
 If such another Piece you'd see,
 Angells must limn it out, or He;
 Where Wisdome, Grace, and Eloquence,
 Are centred in their eminence:
 Martyr'd he was to save his Laws,
 Religion, People, from the Jaws
 Of ASSASINES; whose weal He sought;
 Even then when they His Murder wrought
 With horrid plots, that headlesse He
 (And in him Church and State) might be.
 Then since Correlatives they were,
Three Kingdomes in one KING lies here.

A. B.

FINIS.

